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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Fishin'

By W. M. R.

I DON'T know how many lakes there are in Wisconsin. The maps seem to show about 5,000, large and small. They are a vast asset of the commonwealth. Some statistician figured out the other day that those lakes brought into the State this season more than $6,000,000 from fishermen. The threatened railroad strike cost Wisconsin some millions of dollars by hurrying home the fishers who would otherwise have remained far into the month of September, which is really the best fishing month on the lakes. The scenes at the little railway stations in that region during the last days of August bore some resemblance to those in Europe two years ago when Americans on the continent in Europe hiked for home at the outbreak of the Great War. The railroads put on extra coaches and trains and even then could not handle the people who wanted to get to their homes by the evening of September 3rd in order to avoid being marooned for an indefinite period by the stoppage of transportation. The threat of the strike came just as the fishing was getting good. And then, when the fishers reached their homes, to find that there was to be no strike after all! No one but a fisherman can appreciate the tragic import of such a situation. I am afraid Labor has lost permanently the support of all fisher folk.

✣

For three weeks I fished Wisconsin lakes, from a basal point on Lake Minocqua. Up to the last three days I had marshaled a lot of fact, incident and phraseology, the which I had formulated in what I fondly imagine to be my mind for an article, the tenor of which may be inferred from the title I had selected for it—"The Fishless Lakes of Wisconsin." It was going to expose the Great Wisconsin Fish Myth. For many days I wondered at the delusion that had induced such a famous sportsman as the late Col. Mose Wetmore to establish a lodge near Minocqua and imagine that it was a fishing region. I heard people talk of bringing in mighty strings of bass and pickerel and of captures of mighty muskellunge weighing from 12 to 15 pounds. But neither in Minocqua nor in any other lake in the region could I do better than land three or four perch a day and maybe a one-pound pike or two. It seemed to me that the piscatorial fame of Wisconsin was largely a matter of effective but not too veritistic advertising. Fish were apparently as scarce as good beef in Texas, where the steers come from, or good whiskey in Kentucky.

Still, the real test of a fisherman is his ability to fish with enthusiasm when there are few fish or none. By that test I am the best fisherman since Izaak Walton. In about twenty-seven days my total catch was about nine fish, and none of them of notable size. Indeed, it seemed to me that every time I caught a fish it was under the size permissible to be taken under the law. Whenever the deadly foot rule was applied, back went my fish into the water, if it was a bass or a pike. The folk who were fishing with me had no respect for perch at all, yet perch is served as a delicacy extraordinary at Chicago's and St. Louis' swell hotels and restaurants. In the matter of fish as in everything else, I discovered that the American people are obsessed by the superstition of bigness. Everybody in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota is "out for musky." The muskellunge is a big fish. He's not as game as the bass and he is no better food, but he grows big and it's the big thing the people want. As mere art, bass fishing is much superior to musky fishing, but what do most Americans care for art? Nothing gets them but size. You fish for bass, you troll for musky. You catch a bass by the exercise of your faculties. You catch a musky by the happy fortune that your bait twirling through the water hits a musky on the nose and makes him mad enough to grab it. You fish for musky often with a bright oval contrivance moving on a swivel and twirling a half dozen vicious hooks. This contrivance is about as merciless an invention as many of those brought into use in the war across the water. It is murderous and unsportsmanlike. But —fishermen must get fish. There are no rules of honorable warfare among fishermen who use these clustered hooks. Still, there are few of them as yet, and I must say that I admired the manner in which the Wisconsin fishermen generally obeyed the State laws. They would not stand for the keeping of any catch under legal weight and size. They understand the economic value of the fishing waters and they will not tolerate anything that tends to the depletion of the lakes of their finny inhabitants. I doubt if there is any State in the Union where the fish and game laws are as rigorously observed by the people as in Wisconsin. In this as in other matters it struck me that Wisconsin is the best-governed State in the country. It is well-governed because the people co-operate with the governing authorities. Almost I thought the Wisconsin fish will not bite at the bait of a fisher who hasn't got a State license. You feel that it is a necessary formality when you start out on your first quest to stand up in your boat and read your State license to the fish. It's a matter of a formal declaration of intention to attack. You don't go at them unannounced as you go, if you are a war-lord, against Belgium.

✣

In Wisconsin, in the summer time, the world is all fish. People talk of nothing else. The railroads run fish trains. The papers publish items about notable catches at the various lakes. There are lakes within a few miles of each other with entirely different fish populations. This lake contains muskies and no bass, that one, bass and no muskies, some have only pike and perch and others have chiefly pickerel. So this or that guide says, and another disputes it. It is notable that nobody seems to fish in the water under his nose. Dwellers on Minocqua go for their fishing to Tomahawk, those on Tomahawk to Sand Lake, or Plummer, or Stearns' or Sugar Bush. My very good friend and host, Mr. Joseph O'Neil, has a lake, as you might say, in the back yard of his cottage. It is not twenty yards from his back door. One day the Missus and I decided we would try this lake. How absurd! There were no fish there. The only place to catch fish worth while was at some other lake from ten to twenty miles away. Nevertheless, we stepped out of the back door and fished this little lake, and the Missus carried back to the kitchen three or four as nice three-pound bass as were ever seen in that region. Of course, I caught nothing. It is better so; no woman can fish when she doesn't catch anything. She does not care for the life contemplative on the water. She wants results. She is too purely pragmatic. Of course, she cannot do needle-work in a boat and watch her line too. There are, I am told, women who can fish with unrewarded patience, but I never saw one. If the fish won't play, lovely woman wants to go home and write

letters or do something else. She doesn't care much for scenery when her back is aching and she isn't getting a strike. She will worry about things at home. Of course, when the fish are biting, everything is lovely. She's getting the worth of her money. But there is no merit in that to a true fisherman. If one were sure to catch fish every time one cast his bait it would be no more exciting than looking in a Montgomery Ward or Sears-Roebuck catalogue and ordering what you want by mail.

❖

It seems little short of miraculous that you should go out on a big lake of thousands of acres extent and drop a minnow in the water and get a fish. It's as if you should walk out in the fields, put up your hand with some seed in it and pull down a bird. It seems like finding a needle in a haystack. That is the way most neophyte fishermen think about fishing. But there's nothing to it. That is not the secret of fishing. For in fishing as in anything else, the secret is work and knowledge. For a while you go along finding where the fish are not. Then you find where they are. Then you get 'em. You fish by dropping out your bait and letting it hang. The expert who knows how to cast his bait and reel it in, gathers in fish while you get nothing. He covers more area with his bait than you do with yours. His chance of attracting a prize is greater than yours. His bait is livelier. His hook is not catching weeds or snags on the bottom. While you are untangling snarls on your reel he is fishing. His bait is always at the right depth. He can see by the surface of the water where there are bars or weed-beds where the fish lurk. For instance, the Missus and myself fish a lake for a day with a net result of about five catches. A practical fisher going over the same water will take twenty or thirty. He knows where to find the fish and how to get them when he has found them. It takes patience, long sitting, wrist-wracking casting to find out where the fish are not, and then when you come upon a good hole and the fish are biting, you must know how to fish. You must let the fish catch himself—a game fish particularly. You cannot get him by jerking as soon as you feel a nibble. If you do that, you jerk the bait away from him. He approaches the minnow or the frog warily. He takes it in his mouth and tugs lightly, turning it around preparatory to swallowing it. You must let him take the bait for quite a while, give him line and then, at the psychological moment, lowering the pole, give the line a short, sharp, upward jerk. That sinks the hook in his mouth and if he cannot flap or wriggle it loose, all you have to do is reel him in, taking care not to give him any slack line, as he comes along fighting.

❖

You see, fishing is a good deal like expert salesmanship. You must let the victim hook himself. You must not be too anxious to land him, lest you scare him off while he's only nibbling. You must let him swallow the bait and then you must not let him get away. So in salesmanship as in fishing, you must use different bait at different times—now a sucker, now a chub, now a shiner, then a frog. And fish and prospective buyers have their days for biting, and the buyers may be buying in one part of the business lake or pond when they are not in another. A cloudy day for fish, a bright day for buyers. Some days the fish are under the snags and lily pads near the shore; other days they are to be found only in deep water. Some days they nibble, other days they gulp ravenously, just as on some days customers do a lot of mere pricing and other days buy at a glance. It is the practical man who knows how to fish either for fish or for the money of men and women.

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All these reflections occur to you while you sit in the boat without a bite, save from the deer-flies that fatten on your ankles, or if the bites come you lose the fish while the person at the other end of the boat brings in his "peach" every time. By the time you have by observation and reflection learned how to fish, it's time to go back home, especially if there's prospect of a railroad strike that may keep you at the lakes indefinitely if you don't hike at once. But then, there's the delicious fishing, the big catches you achieve in your dreams for many nights after your return to "civilization." The one thing I have not been able to psychologize about fishing is the mystery of the magnitude of the fish that gets away. I thought that this was an haliucination only of amateurs, but it isn't. The veteran guide who fishes every day of the season, will sit around in the evening, even after a big day's catch, and talk interminably of some one fish that he struck but didn't land. It is always a whopper. Now, a small, game fish makes a tremendous fight and pull, and you can't tell anything about his size until you see him in the boat. Yet the fish you have partially hooked is always bigger than any you have caught. Why is this? Is it because imagination is more expansive than fact? Is it man's egotism that declares only an exceptionally big and smart fish could get away from him? I give it up.

❖

It's odd, too, the way the guides, missing a fish in this water or that, will go back after him. They will row back sometimes forty yards to cast their bait in the spot where they had a fruitless strike. You'd think that a fish that had been struck would be chary of the same minnow flopped down near him, remembering the touch of the concealed barb, or that having taken a bait off a hook, he would be satisfied for a while.

But the experienced fisherman very often gets the fish he goes back after. I guess that fish are like men, that they can't resist a chance to grab at something that looks good and easy, even if they have been nipped or stung on the same good thing but a short time before. I wonder if there were giant folk on Mars and they should throw out incalculably long lines, with hooks baited with something tasty, something appealing to men as minnows or frogs are to fish—something that would have the appeal of woman, or money, or power—into our atmosphere, whether we wouldn't bite just as the fish do and be played just as we play fish? This thought is inescapable, especially when you contemplate a poor frog, with his striking human similitude, wriggling on the hook you are going to cast for a goggle-eyed bass. Can't you figure us men and women being drawn up through the air, trying to spit out the bait, or strike it out with our feet or running into a house in the hope of tangling the line and breaking it. Imagine a Martian getting a 220-pounder like me in his landing net and rejoicing in his prize. What would be the intensification of that indescribable thrill that comes from a bite of a fish to us, to the Martian hooking a prize like Bryan or the Kaiser or Mr. Hughes—a real human "beauty," as we fishermen say?

❖

Which brings up the thought of the cruelty of fishing. No thinking person can fish without that thought obtruding upon him, especially in the case of a frog-bait. The thought vanishes when you feel the strike. The thought that replaces it is, "I must catch that fish." And if the fish gets away with the bait, you cry for another frog at once. If you think about cruelty again it is to console yourself with the thought that the fish you are so cruelly anxious to hook, is cruelly anxious to gulp the frog, which is, in his own career, cruelly anxious to nab some fly or other insect. I imagine that pacifists-at-any-price cannot be very enthusiastic fishermen. I cannot understand how a truly good and ultra pacifist person like Mr. William Jennings Bryan or David Starr Jordan can be a hunter or fisher.

❖

The most wonderful thing about fishing is how it can empty people's minds of all affairs but fishing. Up in Wisconsin I could not find anybody who wanted to talk politics or war or strike or business. It was all fish, nothing but fish. You ventured to query as to the result of Rumania and Greece joining the Allies. Huh! That wasn't the question at all. The question was whether there was any musky in Stearns' lake, or any bass in Carroll. No diplomatic mystery was as great as why Marion Lambert could catch twelve muskies in Sugar Bush on Thursday, while Mr. and Mrs. Joe O'Neil and myself and the Missus fishing the same water the next day didn't get the faintest feel or sight of the same kind of fish. The educated fish of Wisconsin might have known better than to bite on the day before Friday, but they didn't. As for politics, there was a big barbecue at Minocqua one day. The Democratic candidate for Governor and the aspirant to the senatorial nomination, Mr. Wolf, appeared. Minocqua is a Democratic community. I went to the meeting. The men came and devoured the roast ox and the gargantuan mess of beans. Then they went away. The two candidates made speeches in a little grove of pines—to an audience of about fifty or sixty people, mostly women and girls, and the members of the Indian band from the Reservation at Flambeau. The speeches were good speeches, too. As against fishing, however, politics had no place in public interest. Even an Indian war dance, and a baseball game between the Minocqua boys and an Indian team couldn't hold the fishermen. For the matter of that, I must say that I never knew a presidential campaign in which there was so little real interest as the one now in progress. The men who sit in the observation cars and smoking compartments this year don't get excited over politics. Particularly I could not find anyone really enthusiastic over Hughes. The impression upon everybody seems to be that he is making a very poor showing for his cause, worse even than Mr. Taft's four years ago. I gather that Hughes is a big disappointment, even to Republicans. At least I found no particularly strong Hughes sentiment. Towards the end of my outing, when the strike issue came to a climax, I did find that there was an increase in the vigor of the opposition to Wilson.

❖

I struck Chicago the morning after Fred Lehmann, of St. Louis, had electrified the banquet of the American Bar Association by his eloquent denunciation of the surrender of government to the coercion brought to bear by the labor unions. Everybody seemed to be talking about it. I didn't blame them, for I know how my very dear friend Lehmann can talk. He struck a keynote, as he always does, said neither too much nor too little. He's one of the biggest men in the United States, but no fisherman. If he were a piscatorial brother, he would have said to himself *a la* Emerson, "Why so hot, little man." Still, the impression I gathered in Chicago was that the strike and its settlement was going to be the issue in this campaign. The issue from the anti-Wilson standpoint, will be found brilliantly stated in the article by J. L. H., "The American Prætorian Guard," printed elsewhere in this issue. With neither J. L. H. nor my dear old pal Lehmann am I in agreement. I don't attach much importance to the enthusiasm of the American Bar Association against Wilson and against Union Labor. The meetings of the American Bar Association are attended mostly by corporation lawyers, many, if not most of whom, travel to those meetings on attorney's passes. Those lawyers who can attend the Bar Association meetings and stop at swell hotels are not naturally sympathetic either to Wilson or to Union Labor, though I would not have this understood as applying to Fred Lehmann.

With all deference to my other friend, J. L. H., I think that the Bar Association, and not Union Labor, constitute the American Prætorian Guard. I think that the Bar Association and the heads of the great railway systems have one chief defect. They are immunized against the *Zeitgeist*. They are "bucking the Spirit of the Age." The President's stand for an experimental try-out of the eight-hour day is all right. The eight-hour day is

established by a common consent of mankind. It is in line with the sentiment as expressed in law against child labor and excessive woman labor. The eight-hour workday is eminently justifiable under the police power clause of the Constitution. As for the time-and-one-half for overtime, that is held up. The President prevented the strike. If he had acted earlier he would not have curtailed so much good fishing by hundreds of thousands of people. He would have prevented the embargo on freights. He stopped an incipient civil war. And as in the case of other Wilsonian action so much criticised by his opponents, the answer to that criticism is the query, "What would you have done otherwise?" The railway magnates wanted a strike. They had planned for it. It was a means whereby they hoped to be able to coerce the country into a support of their demand for higher rates.

All the talk about Union Labor putting the country under duress is bunk. My idea is that the railroads wanted the strike worse than the men did. So far as I could make out from inquiry among trainmen during the time the negotiations were on at Washington, none of the workers expected the strike to be called. Conductors, flagmen, firemen, engineers so expressed themselves. Even the baggagemen and section foremen spoke that way. There is no doubt that the brotherhoods put up a bluff and won out on it I can't say that I particularly like this method of government or legislation. There is too much force about it. There is too much of appeal to class consciousness in it. But considering the conditions prevailing, considering especially that the eight-hour day is established in popular opinion even where it is not embodied in any law, as right, I believe that the question of the eight-hour day was not truly arbitrable. The overtime demand was, and is, another matter. There are peculiar conditions in train-running which give the railroads a just ground of opposition to such overtime pay, but that pay is held up pending investigation. In my opinion, the President did the best thing he could do. He stopped the strike. He kept us out of still another war. As for wage fixing, overtime or any other time, I don't believe it can be done permanently. The law of wages is not made by legislation. Wages will find their own level in spite of Congress or Woodrow Wilson.

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As for coercion, how often have the railroads coerced Congress in the past? How often have Congressmen got their orders from railroad political departments as to certain bills? How about coercion by the influence of the Manufacturers' Association? Who has forgotten the coercion brought to bear upon the country in 1896, when all the great commercial powers served notice that if Bryan should be elected they would "put the country on the blink?" How often and how forcibly have the very interests that now declare coercion has killed democratic government, brought to bear coercive influences upon Congressmen in behalf of tariff schedules? What Congressman failed to feel the weight of business coercion from the protected industries of his district for a higher or against a lower tariff tax? How often have we been told that if such a tariff was adopted the mills and factories would be shut down and workers thrown out of employment? And it worked, just as the coercion of the union labor leaders has worked. Has not the shipping trust held a pistol at the head of the Congress to prevent the passage of a shipping bill? Didn't the express companies for years coerce the government against the parcel post, and didn't the banks for years exercise coercion against the postal savings bank? Coercion! We have had enough and plenty of coercion by wealth and big business from time to time. It may have been coercion by the steel hand in the velvet glove. It may have been more subtle and genteel but it was coercion all the same. How about coercion exercised against the income tax? In fact, there is involved in any matter of procuring legislation a certain amount of coercion. The great interests may say theirs is moral coercion, not physical, but there's physical coercion in threatening people with the loss of employment and Congressmen with the loss of their seats, in the event of their favoring or opposing certain measures. There was a time when the railroads were strong enough to have coerced an administration to action as much against Union Labor as President Wilson's action is in its favor. What would not the railroads have done coercively to Union Labor in the days when Mark Hanna was in power? If the railroads have lost their influence, they are to blame. They have lost standing with the people, and the politicians follow the people. They did not come into court with clean hands. They did go into court hoping not for settlement but for what they professed to desire to avert—a strike. A strike, with violence, which could hardly be avoided, would play into their hands. That Union Labor coerced Congress may be admitted, but the coercion was as legitimate an exercise of political power as any threat to close factories in order to stop lowering the tariff. I think that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

It is probable, however, that the coerced financial interests will now proceed to do a little subtle coercing themselves against Wilson. There is a big cry against government by bulldozing. There is a cry about the aristocracy of labor getting what it wants while the plebeians are left to suffer. There is an appeal to the many in behalf of the workers who are unorganized. There is an appeal to all employers on the theory that the election of Wilson will mean an increase of every employer's wage account. There is an appeal to the farmer that he can't get what the organized city worker gets so easily. There is the appeal to democracy on the theory that legislation at pistol-point is not democracy. Well, if it isn't, neither is legislation under threat of disemployment and starvation. And, after all, what Wilson and Congress have done is not so black as it is painted. The coerced legislation does not overturn things at one fell swoop. It provides for investigation of railroad labor cost. It is not revolutionary. The eight-hour day is accepted as an universal standard. The people are for it, as they are for public sanitation. It is as well established as the automobile or the movie.

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But to return to our fishing. Where was I at? Oh, yes, at an Indian war dance as a side show to a dismal Democratic rally, though Wisconsin's Democratic candidate for Senator bade me tell "Bill" Stone and "Jim" Reed, of Missouri, that he hoped this year's election would send him to join them in the most august deliberative assembly on earth. I don't care much for the reservation Indian in Wisconsin. In mufti he loses whatever nobility he ever had. The noble red man in citizen's clothes is an ignoble specimen. I don't blame him. The land his Great White Father has given him in Wisconsin doesn't look to me like very good land. And the land he has he doesn't work. The Indian, according to his white neighbors, does not like work He lets the women do the work. The only thing that approximates work that he likes is blowing out tree stumps with dynamite. He is too lazy to fish. For that reason, although when you fish in the Reservation the law requires that you employ an Indian guide, you pay the guide a dollar or so and tell him to go away. He goes to town to buy and drink alcohol. The Indian generally loves alcohol. When the tribe comes into Minocqua or Woodruff for a fete like an exhibition war-dance or to attend a baseball game, he celebrates by getting drunk. He stays drunk so long as the alcohol supply holds out. You can hear him, hidden in the undergrowth along the roads jabbering or singing, and you can see poor old bedraggled squaws "streeling" along the roads, crying or quarreling. The white man has no love for these civilized Indians. They don't make good laborers. They seem to do nothing much but drive to town with the blueberries picked by the squaws. Yet in the Indian group at a ball game or a war-dance, you hear young Indian men and women talking not only the most correct English, but the most up-to-date slang. For most of the young Indians have an education. The tragedy is that they can do nothing with their education. They tend to revert, if not to the blanket condition, to something very near it. Of course, there are exceptions to these generalizations, as to all others. There are industrious, prosperous, even wealthy, Indians. There are even Indians who do not drink the alcohol their white neighbors so cheerfully sell to the red brother. But broadly, I should say that the Indian were better off exterminated than kept as he is now kept on the Reservation. There is no chance for him. The only distinction he has is that he can fish or hunt without the license the white man has to pay. According to white story, no Indian can ever find any fish in any lake. The fish are always at some lake farther away. The Indian does not like to row a boat. The Indian is no good—except as a sort of picturesque-object show feature. Anything less picturesque, however, than the Indian village on Lac du Flambeau, I cannot imagine. I think the Indian would have been better off if he had not been coddled. Secretary of the Interior Lane evidently thinks so too, for he is moving in the direction of giving them control of their own property as individuals. Dr. Charles Montezuma, of Chicago, an Indian full-blood, is conducting a campaign for the abolition of the Indian Bureau and for the freedom of the Indian. I'm with Dr. Montezuma, but I confess that I don't see what much the Indians I saw at Flambeau could do for themselves with more freedom than they now have. They are a pathetic exhibition, lost in a strange world, silent, seldom smiling, ignored by their white neighbors and always just a little feared, too. Some of them may be happy, when they are not drunk, but they don't look it, even when they are drunk. To one not familiar with Indians, the most pronounced impression they make is of their facial resemblance to the Chinese. The only brightness one finds in them is in the faces of the papooses, carried on their mothers' backs, but it is funny to see a papoose curled up on the ground with fingers, and toes, too, clutching a nippled milk bottle and sucking away most contentedly. But the Indians will soon go. They do not increase, and some day their lands will be so valuable the white man will simply have to have them.

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The land is not valuable now, but outside the Reservation there is no land to be had at really attractive prices. It is all pre-empted. If it is not used, still somebody owns it and holds it for a rise in value. The country has been thoroughly denuded of its timber first by the lumbermen and then by forest fires. The lakes would be much prettier than they are if they had more of a fringe of trees. And at that the timber cutter is still busy taking out the smaller stuff that the first and second invasions of lumberjacks disdained to notice. The State of Wisconsin is in nothing more thorough than in its efforts to prevent forest fires. Notices of instruction how to prevent such fires are to be found everywhere, and the natives are careful to throw their cigarette stumps in the dust or sand of the roads rather than in the grass or brush to one side. Their thoroughness in the matter of putting out fires before leaving camp is most commendable. They care for their rather scraggly forests in the region I refer to even as they care for the fish. They have a fine sense that the trees and the fish are their property. And they speak with contempt of what they call the fish hog, the man who fishes fanatically and uninterruptedly and without limit to his ability to ship more than the permitted one box of a weight of twenty pounds per week.

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Fishing is one of the pursuits which we think of as being peculiarly open to the poor man, but really it isn't any such thing. Of course, there are lakes and ponds where one may fish at little or no ex-

pense, but they are lakes in which the fish are few and small. The fish are in the more inaccessible waters. You can't expect to get to good fishing grounds on asphalt paved roads. It costs something to get to the lakes from any good-sized city on a train. When you reach the lake region you stay at a hotel at from $2 to $3 per day. The lake in front of the hotel seldom yields much fish. I didn't see a fish taken out of Lake Minocqua in three weeks, though I heard of some. To get to a lake that is out of the way you have to take a wagon or an automobile. An automobile costs from $10 to $15 per day. You pay the guide $3.50 per day and your minnows cost 50 cents a dozen. There is the lunch to put up and there are other expenses small in the items but mounting to goodly totals. There's no fishing to speak of for a poor man on any such terms. The fishing waters are stocked by the State and fairly good roads are laid out, but not for the poor man. The fisher has to have both time and money. The better the fishing the poorer the roads that lead to it. And wagon and team owners charge for carrying people over those roads. There are roads in the Indian Reservation about Flambeau as rough as Roosevelt's routes through the Brazilian wilderness. Our auto axle broke upon one of them in a rough place and we had to start to walk to Woodruff, fifteen miles away. As dark came on the trail grew indistinguishable and the stinging insects innumerable. Walking in sand is not easy. We made five miles of it and then it looked like nothing for it, but building a fire and sleeping out the night or waiting until a machine from Woodruff could come for us. The guide, Al Winger, started on a run for Woodruff as soon as the car stopped, in order to fetch the relief. Just as we were about to give up walking because the path was so blurred, the hum of an automobile was heard and the flash of its lights were seen. Mr. Mennick, of Indianapolis, had struck upon our road, coming from another lake, and gave us a lift to town. We caught the hiking guide about five miles out of Woodruff. The broken car with the fishing equipment was towed in the next day. So there's a chance for some rather rough adventure even in a country where you do your fishing *de luxe*. There's a chance always that your motor boat may go wrong on you and you may have to paddle a long distance to get home.

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And speaking of motor boats, even in the matter of fishing, the revolutionary gas and oil engine has wrought great changes. Those contraptions which when attached to the stern of an ordinary skiff or rowboat, turn it into a motor boat, have added to the comfort of fishing. They relieve the man who wants to fish without a guide, of the labor of rowing. They are almost fool-proof, though not innocent of the natural perversity of inanimate matter. They produce a good rate of speed and enable one to cover a large area of water. You can stop and start them easily and thus try out every hole and weed-bed and bar. For this reason the lakes on which the resorts are located are pretty well fished out save for the wise natives who know where the fish hide. But you can carry your Evinrude with you overland from lake to lake and screw it on to any old row-boat and then dispense with a guide. All these little machines are called Evinrudes. There are many brands of them. They are the Fords of the lake region. Still, the man who has not much money cannot afford an Evinrude. Perhaps the man who hasn't much money or friends who know no such lack, should not presume to indulge in the luxury of fishing for fish that are really worth while. The man who hasn't much money really has but one duty in life, and that is to get much money. Then let him fish and enjoy all the other pleasures of life. The land and the waters were made for him, but what is he going to do about it, if he can't get at either the land to till or the water to fish in? Game is conserved for the people, but it is only the man of means who can indulge in real hunting these days. That's why there is little real support of the authorities in most states in the enforcement of the game and fish laws. They operate, in effect, to turn the hunting grounds and fishing waters into preserves for the well-to-do. Fishing waters and hunting grounds tend more and more to become part of the closed shop. A good single taxer who enjoys fishing in Wisconsin or elsewhere finds in the pursuit of that pleasure strong support for his theory of free land and free water. It will not be very long before in this country you will have to pay the owner of land a fee to get a chance to fish in lake or river. Perhaps we may be allowed to fish off the public docks in the city and catch a sunfish or two in the course of a day, if we are lucky, as Frenchmen fish in the Seine by the hundreds and the whole crowd raises a riot when one man pulls in a little fish about the length of his little finger.

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I didn't catch many fish in my month's outing, but I did get away from the grind. I just fished and let good old Alpheus Stewart run the MIRROR to suit himself. He ran it well, too, as I am glad to say many MIRROR readers were good enough to write into the office. Mr. Stewart is a sane and steady thinker and he writes in a way to put over his thought to his readers. I was glad to introduce him to my readers, as they have been glad to meet him. He turned out a MIRROR which I read with interest and enthusiasm myself, wondering if my output could ever look as good to my readers as his did to me. I can't say about the MIRROR as I write it, but the MIRROR written by Alpheus Stewart has been a darned good paper, for which I would cheerfully subscribe. Mr. Stewart has been doing mighty good writing in St. Louis for twenty years, on the *Censor*. It was recognized as good writing, but the writer was unknown because his name was not signed to it. Not the least of the pleasure of my vacation was that it gave Mr. Stewart an opportunity to display his fine quality through a brief escape from anonymity.

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The best thing I brought back from the Wisconsin lakes is a fish story told me by Mrs. Hoover, who runs a boat house and restaurant at Minocqua, a cheerful and kindly old lady. She was the first white woman to go upon what is now Stearns' Lake, in the Reservation. That was more years ago than a gallant fisherman could ask a lady to specify In honor of her visit, the Indians called that body of water White Squaw Lake. It was back in the days when it was so called that the incident which she narrated occurred. She told the story anent a heavy fog that hung over Minocqua one morning as she stocked up our kit with that goodly, non-intoxicating, beer-like but beerless beer, Bevo, for a day's fishing in Tomahawk Lake. There were denser fogs in those early days, much denser even than the pall of smoke from the forest fires that sometimes even now hang over that country. A party from Minocqua went out to White Squaw Lake to fish and when they arrived there found one of those fogs. They put out in a boat, scarcely able to see the boat's length or their hands before their faces or to distinguish fog from water. One of the men in the party, Luther Dugdale, was an expert caster. He baited his hook with a big sucker and gave the pole the flick to throw the bait far out. The bait went up in the air and the line began running out rapidly, but the bait didn't come down, so far as he could see. He thought he had caught the bough of some overhanging tree but there was no tree overhanging. Then he began to reel in, but there was a tremendous pull on the reel, a pull upward, with a tugging and a swaying side to side. He thought his bait, a large one, had been snapped by a fish hawk and the hook had caught the fish. He reeled in with difficulty. Whatever was on the line was giving a terrific fight. The struggle in the upper fog was invisible and inaudible. There was no flapping of wings. Luther was almost lifted out of the boat. His companion caught him and held him by the waist. Luther reeled and reeled and presently when he was almost exhausted he drew down into the boat with a great thump, a muskellunge weighing 28 pounds, 3½ ounces exactly. You see, the fog was so thick as to be indistinguishable from the water of the lake, even by such a fish as the big musky and it was swimming around in the fog when the flying bait happened to pass its nose near enough to be discernible and reachable. The musky struck and struck hard and then went splashing and threshing this way and that toward the empyrean. Just as this big musky was landed the sun broke through the fog, which began to disappear, and as it did so, there ensued a perfect rain of fish, bass, pike, muskies, pickerel, even dog-fish, all over the lake. The fish fell in the boat in such numbers that it was almost swamped before it could be rowed to shore. And on land the fishermen saw huge fish rained out of the fog, toppling down through the pines and tamaracks and gaspingly flopping through the grass towards the lake. The horses attached to the wagon in which the fishers came to the lake broke away and ran into the woods, under the storm of fish. The fishermen took clubs and went after the fish on the ground, killing them—ten-pound bass and pike, and muskies weighing three times as much. They loaded up the wagon with those fish captured after the fashion of catching seals and drove back to Woodruff, with I have forgot how many pounds of fish.

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Those were the halcyon days. There have been no such fogs since, and very few such fish, save in fish stories. The simple folk of those days did not tell lies about fishing or about fogs. I'm sure that Stearns' Lake must have been a great place for fish in those primitive and idyllic times, for there are some splendid big mouth and little mouth bass there, yet in certain holes; fellows ranging from 2½ to 4½ pounds and fighters from away back. We pulled out about thirty-five of them one afternoon in about three hours and that's pretty good fishing. I say "we," for my contribution to the string was—none. I caught one perch and the guide threw him back. The other folk in the party were fishing not more than forty feet from me. Providence must have great things in store for me, because it doesn't vouchsafe me much fish when I go fishing, but I can be a philosopher if the Bevo is in easy reach and well iced. I am not wholly useless in a fishing party either, for my physical configuration is such that, seated in the stern, I am a steadying physical influence upon the boat, to say nothing of the moral influence I exert nowhere so conspicuously as in discouraging the brilliant profanity of Joe O'Neil when he gets a four-pounder to the edge of the boat and loses him. I am also a potent factor at lunch in making certain that there shall be a wide dichotomy between the out-bound and home-bounds volumes of the food element in the dunnage. Those also serve who only sit and fish without catching anything. And it requires an element of moral heroism and Buddhistic calm in a man to enable him to sit smiling in range of his good wife's eye and never get a bite while she is reeling in beauties to the accompaniment of her own delighted laughter. I am the best fisherman ever, I do believe. I might have caught a dozen fish or more if the threatened strike hadn't driven me home.

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There's no good fishing without some hardship. I've told about our hike through the wilderness in the Reservation, the day the car broke down, and it was no picnic, for I weigh 220 pounds and the Missus 180, and I rarely walk more than two blocks in a day, so five miles on a sandy, rutted road is some hike for such. But on the way back home we struck Chicago and there the Missus thought she would do some shopping and I must go along. That afternoon in the stores in the Loop was worse than a twenty-mile trudge through antres vast and deserts idle anywhere. The object of the quest was a hat. I saw every kind of hat that the ladies will wear this fall, especially the game bird

hats with wings. They were wonderful hats, and such prices! And the shop girls were not trying to sell those hats to the Missus, but to me. They put them on and paraded before me. They talked to me. They could see I was a man of taste. The prices—yes, they were good prices, but then I didn't look like a man who would let a matter of price stand between a pretty hat and a pretty wife. The Missus just didn't pay any attention to the gabble at all; but I saw she was gathering a look in her eye that expressed a grim determination to do something decisive. At the I don't know whath store she said to the salesgirl, "I'll come back," and to me, "Come along," and I went, the saleslady following me, proclaiming the beauties of a piece of gauze like four little circus hoops caught at one side, built up on a basis of more gray gauze and silver, all for $40. I got into the elevator and out on the streets and the Missus told me I could take her to lunch. Then she said, "Willie, you hike to the hotel and wait for me." To which I replied, "But what will you do?" And she replied, "I'm going shopping again." With a grateful heart, I said, "Very well, but why am I shooed off?" Then she told me that no woman should ever take her husband shopping with her for a hat or a coat. "For," said she, "men are such fools. If they like a thing they'll take it at any price named, especially if a nice girl is selling it. And the husband's wife is afraid to bargain because the husband gets nervous and gives her such looks. If husbands bought their wives' clothes they'd all be bankrupt. Go to the hotel and I'll join you." I went to the Annex and sat in a window and watched the great lake's marvelous gradations of blue out to the horizon line, a flock of little yachts near by, a couple of steamers coming in, and reflected upon the spiritualizing value of that lake view to Chicago. I think that the influence of the lake gives to Chicago its breadth of sweeping vision of things. The largeness gets into the Chicago mind and discharges itself in big doings. As I was so thinking, the Missus came in. "Where's the hat?" I asked. "Didn't buy any," said she. "Why not?" said I. "Well, I just thought I could get as late and as various styles to look at in St. Louis and at good or better prices, but I would like to come up here with—naming one of her women friends—and just shop this town thoroughly." Then she collapsed and went to bed and dreamed she caught a 40-pound musky, with a $60 hat on him, in the basin of the fountain in the Pompeian room.

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In the Annex lobby I met more prominent St. Louisans that evening than I see here in St. Louis in six months. Most of them bound homeward after a summer's fishing in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Canada. What a world of fishermen there is! And how fraternal a fishing trip makes everyone who takes it. Too bad that every worker in every big town can't get a vacation on the water. It is a splendid decanter of the grouches that accumulate in the wrestle with affairs. I must say that I found most returning vacationists critical, if not sore at President Wilson's handling of the strike situation. They seemed to see Socialism coming a-whooping, "terrible as an army with banners." More than that, they could see Syndicalism on the rampage. The anti-Wilson sentiment was almost unanimous. But most of the people I met were of the class not naturally sympathetic to the claims of Labor. Oh, of course, Labor should get what is coming to it. That sort of thing, you know. And it would be all right if conductors and engineers getting $213 a month were not the beneficiaries. If only the poor clerks and the track-walkers were getting the raise it would be all right. You know the way the folks at fine hotels feel their hearts bleed for the lowly toiler. And when I said the clerks and the track-men would get theirs when they were strong enough to enforce their demands and the victory of the labor aristocrats would help the lowlier workers to win better pay and shorter hours, I was asked if I believed in government by industrial terrorism. I said I didn't but that I knew that nobody got anything in this world on the principle of abstract justice, by waiting for somebody else to give it to him, but had to get out and force it from the powers that be,—and then they said I was an anarchist. Maybe I am or am not. This I know. Everything good man has, he had to fight for, and he has to fight to hold it, to prevent its being filched or wrenched away from him. And I remembered Fred Lehmann's address upon Lincoln and the force he summoned to free labor. And I said Wilson was right. (Speaking of Lincoln, the speech of President Wilson, accepting Lincoln's birthplace for the Nation, is a classic that will rank with Lincoln's own Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural. It is a piece of beautiful English. It is a charter of the ultimate of democracy. It will be one of the gems of the school readers of our children's children and its thoughts and phrases will be in the memories and the hearts and on the lips of lovers of this country when the names of every present-day critic of Wilson are buried in oblivion. Read the Wilson address on Lincoln. Then read Hughes or Roosevelt on Wilson and you will see the difference between the sane, serene, clear-visioned utterance of a seer and statesman, and the rabid ravings of intoxicated energumens.) Doubtless the President's course will cost him many votes, but whom can anyone vote for against him. Not surely for Hughes, who is the poorest excuse for a presidential candidate, so far as concerns meeting and grasping the issues of the time and indicating definitive action, that this country has ever known. Hughes does not even rank with Taft in constructive thought. His talk leads one to believe that he has whiskers growing on the inside as well as on the outside of his head.

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Home to sad news, the death of Charles Aaron Stix, of the firm of Stix, Baer and Fuller, of the great Grand-Leader department store. Dead at fifty-five after protracted suffering. He was both honored and beloved. He was "Charlie" Stix to almost everybody. I'd known him since he came here a boy and entered a small store. When he came into his own and was a leader in business and civic affairs, when he attained wealth and influence, I found no change in him. He was always the man of the glad heart. He gave even seriousness a touch of cheerfulness. He had imagintion and he put it into his business, now of such magnificent proportions. A new idea did not affright him. He was hospitable to any real thought. He liked radicals and he was not respectful before civic things that were wrong. To any cause worth while he gave not alone money, but himself. In helping he found happiness more than in anything else. His spirit of good-will made him an ideal pacificator of strife and contriver of accommodation between conflicting interests. Mr. Stix—and it seems stilted to me to call him so—liked everything that was likeable. Democracy was of the essence of him; he was the friend, in a way, almost the pal, of every worker in his big store. Music found in him a supporter, and so did art, and it was due to his especial interest that the Grand-Leader had for many years the best book store in this town. He headed the Civic League and courted criticism as an impractical reformer. And all these things he dealt with in the same zest he put into business. His good-fellowship alone was an asset to any movement he became identified with. His charity had no circumference. It overflowed in all directions. And in his business he sought only to serve the public on fair terms. It is hard to think of Charlie Stix as dead—I won't so think of him. He is unforgetably a living, lightening influence with everyone with whom his activities brought him in contact. But he was a man St. Louis particularly needed now in the flesh, for his foresight, his resourcefulness, his dynamic quality. He was a builder, as the Grand-Leader demonstrates. Happily, his associates were in hearty accord with him and they will carry on his work in his own blithe and brave spirit for the making of St. Louis into a greater and a better city for men to live in.

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I didn't read a single doggone book on my vacation. Which never happened in a single month before in thirty-five years. I only read the happy faces of folks fishing, vistas of silvery water between islands plumed with darkling pine, swales of lilies and reeds and wild rice in thoroughfares connecting lakes, the play of light and shade over land and water, the glooming of rain-clouds, the lightning hieroglyphics around the horizon, the diamond popping pustules when the rain hit the water, the flight of a crane that went home in a slanting drift past our door of an evening, the soaring of an eagle or a crying loon, a glorious display of the aurora borealis—and all this is better for the soul than anything I'd find in any modern volume, and here I am, back on the job again, willing to forgive—would I could forget—my creditors.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

A REFORM proposal is broached to have the Mayor appoint the members of the St. Louis Board of Education. It is a reform backward. It won't do. Occasional mistakes have been made under the plan of partisan nominations, but they are nothing compared with the evils latent in a system of appointment by the Mayor. Such a system has worked rottenly in Chicago. The schools must not be placed where they can be used as a personal machine by anybody. All sensible people in St. Louis will be with Superintendent of Schools Blewett in opposing this "reform." It is better to trust a lot of people in school board politics than to trust one man in the mayoralty intent upon re-election or upon the attainment of higher office.

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ABOUT the most laborious writing I have seen in many years were the editorials attempting commendation of the late Mr. Richard C. Kerens. Mr Kerens was a man of many fine qualities, but politically he represented nothing but the power of money. For years by the use of money he obtained control of Federal Republican patronge in this State, often in defiance of the expressed will of the rank and file of the party. He bought his leadership and used it for no end but to make himself Senator. Despairing of this, he dropped out of politics and then unexpectedly Col. Roosevelt carried Missouri. Mr. Kerens, who loathed Roosevelt, and was reciprocally loathed by him, came out for the Senatorship. He had financed no legislators. The party caucus declared for Mr. Niedringhaus and Mr. Kerens bolted, carrying enough votes to prevent Mr. Niedringhaus' election. A compromise resulted in the election of Major William Warner. Then President Taft appointed Mr. Kerens Ambassador to Austria, indicating to the country the Taftian desertion of the progressive principles he had professed. Mr. Kerens in politics was nothing but the owner of a check book. Twenty years ago he might have been obituarized as a statesman. The world has changed. Men like Mr. Kerens to-day command no respect in politics, whatever their busines genius or personally generous characteristics.

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CONGRESS is getting ready to shut up shop. It has been a busy body. It has done many big things—passed the navy bill, the child labor bill, the Federal credits bill, the Adamson labor bill. The record of accomplishment is something stupendous. But almost everything it has done is of debatable value, at least until the present presidential campaign shall have ended. On the whole, however,

the enactments have been in frank furtherance of the Wilsonian policies announced when he assumed office. They are acts embodying the newer ideals of Democracy. They involve an amount of centralization of power, of federalization, of eliminating states' rights, of paternalism, if you will, that would have been unthinkable to the Democracy, let us say, of 1892. Personally, I think these acts represent the will and wish of the great masses of people. They are terribly new, but they are based upon the principle of conserving human beings, conserving the resources of the country for use by the many rather than the few, conserving the honor of the nation. So far as they are under fire they are being apologized for by no statesman in the party that put them through. If the people do not like them they will defeat Woodrow Wilson next November. But they will hardly defeat him in favor of an opponent whose campaign is one exclusively of "knocking," a man who is not a yes-sayer but a no-sayer to everything that has been done by this country in the last four years.

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Now our statesmen are talking retaliation in tariffs and other matters against Great Britain. What becomes of the dream of peace? Retaliation is a form of war. It promotes war. And retaliation, once inaugurated, may react upon this country to the injury of its own higher interests. It is well that we should show a spirit indicating we will not be put upon, but retaliation has an ugly sound and an ugly significance. Retaliation means that we are looking for trouble.

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America's Praetorian Guard

By J. L. H.

AUGUSTUS, the nephew of Caesar, becoming in name what his uncle had for a short time been in fact, assumed the title of emperor, and Rome, already mistress of the world, which proud position she had won under a republican form of government, became simultaneously an empire. One of the first acts of the new *Imperator* was to recast into practically a new body a certain force auxiliary to the regular army, which, from ancient days had been known as the *cohortes prætoria*. These troops, whose chief activities had been of a municipal nature he converted into what under the name, *prætoriani*, are familiar to modern readers of history as the Prætorian Guard. They were diverted from their original use into a force solely for the employment of the *Imperator* in the protection of his person and power. The part which they played in the subsequent history of the Roman Empire is well known. At first of minor importance, as the emperors evolved into despots, they inevitably, as the means of upholding despotism, became his "right arm." Their indispensability to him waxed ever greater and greater until at last from his tool they rose to be his master. As Rome grew steadily more decadent their control of affairs grew steadily more absolute. Emperors were made and unmade at their behest and not only the city, but the entire empire, writhed impotently in their clutches. Their greed, their corruption, their blood-thirstiness and recklessness, knew no bounds, while the arrogance of their commanders was incredible. This condition, going steadily from bad to worse, became at last intolerable, and their fall, for such it was, came with the advent of a strong man, Severus, succeeding the wise and beneficent Pertinax, whom they had wantonly murdered. By the use of force extraneous to the city, he stripped them of their power and virtually annihilated them, as an efficient body, but they continued to exist, after a fashion, until the advent of Constantine, the first Christian master of Rome, who abolished them forever.

The Prætorian Guard survive in history, however, as the classic body of their kind—first the servants of a republic, then one of the means whereby it was converted successively into an empire and a despotism, finally themselves the despots of its despots, at the last a devouring and unappeasible monster, feeding upon its blood and treasure and raging uncurbed from incredible excess to excess still more incredible. They were the prototype, rather, the archetype, of a class of similar bodies, that subsequently have flourished in many different lands, but none of which have ever approached them in power until to-day, in the United States of America, when their nearest approximation has appeared in the shape of the Railroad Brotherhoods who have succeeded, within a much shorter period of time, in subverting a country greater than Rome and throwing it prostrate in the dust beneath their heels.

The spectacle presented at Washington during the past two weeks has been one to make the thoughtful citizen of this country by turns consume with shame, humiliation, indignation, anger and despair. Symbolically he has beheld the Republic which, if he be truly its son, is dearer to him than his heart's blood or his soul's eternal welfare, metamorphosed into a prostitute and thrown to the Prætorians. In the halls of the Capitol at Washington and the closets of the White House have been re-enacted the governmental tragedy that aforetime was witnessed in the Capitol of Rome and the palace of the Caesars. Differences of degree there may have been—difference in kind intrinsically there is none.

It matters not what the present pretext of our Prætorians may have been or is. Let it be conceded that the Brotherhoods were right in their controversy with the Railroads, that their demands were reasonable and just. Let this be allowed without argument. The condition none the less remains that the methods which they used in gaining their ends were by precisely that much the more monstrous, shameful and, in a democracy, unendurable. When a government sinks so low that it shrieks with terror and begs for mercy when a little group of its own citizens serves it with an ultimatum, and its chief executive and a subservient legislature, with a haste as pusillanimous as it is frantic, enacts, under coercion, laws of a gravity immense and far-reaching, not alone in what they themselves are but what they will lead up to, no break-down could be more complete. The utter subversion of all those common "rights of man" for which our forefathers contended through two long and bloody wars and upon whose realization a large part of humanity has staked its future, is at hand. It is the *débâcle*, nothing less than that.

The modern "scientific" school of historians has reversed the old adage and declares that history does *not* repeat itself. But science is by no means infallible—and that we are now in the first stages of a historic "repeat" no sane man can deny. The question merely is, To what lengths will the repetition extend? Upon the answer to this question depends the future of Americanism. Will Prætorian despotism, now ushered in, endure, as it did in Rome, through a long stretch of shame and ignominy until at last, exhausted by its own excesses, it falls a prey to some Strong Man and gives way to another form of despotism? Or will the latent forces of our democracy vindicate themselves by rising dominantly to the occasion and rehabilitating not only their ideals, but their polity?

"This country," said Abraham Lincoln, upon the verge of its supreme struggle for unity, "cannot exist half slave and half free." To-day once more we are confronted by the same condition, save that the form of slavery now implicated is of a gravity surpassing even that to which he referred. The slaves of that epoch were a comparatively small section of a population which otherwise was free. Now an infinitely smaller portion of the population is about to reduce to slavery all the rest of the people.

Will the people submit? And—have they a Lincoln to lead them, in case they shall not?

The Man-Eating Tree

By Philip Robinson

PEREGRINE ORIEL, my maternal uncle, was a great traveler, as his prophetical sponsors at the font seemed to have guessed he would be. Indeed he had rummaged in the garrets and cellars of the earth with something more than ordinary diligence. But in the narrative of his travels he did not, unfortunately, preserve the judicious caution of Xenophon between the things seen and the things heard, and thus it came about that the town councillors of Brunsbüttel (to whom he had shown a duck-billed platypus, caught alive by him in Australia) had him posted for an importer of artificial vermin.

Thus, for instance, who could hear and believe the tale of the man-sucking tree from which he had barely escaped with life? He called it himself more terrible than the Upas. "This awful plant, that rears its splendid death-shade in the central solitude of a Nubian fern forest, sickens by its unwholesome humors all vegetation from its immediate vicinity, and feeds upon the wild beasts that, in the terror of the chase or the heat of noon, seek the thick shelter of its boughs; upon the birds that, flitting across the open space, come within the charmed circle of its power, or innocently refresh themselves from the cups of its great waxen flowers: upon even man himself when, an infrequent prey, the savage seeks its asylum in the storm, or turns from the harsh foot-wounding sword-grass of the glade to pluck the wondrous fruit that hang plumb down among the wondrous foliage." And such fruit!—"glorious golden ovals, great honey drops, swelling by their own weight into pear-shaped translucencies. The foliage glistens with a strange dew, that all day long drips on to the ground below, nurturing a rank growth of grasses, which shoot up in places so high that their spikes of fierce blood-fed green show far up among the deep-tinted foliage of the terrible tree, and, like a jealous bodyguard, keep concealed the fearful secret of the charnel-house within, and draw round the black roots of the murderous plant a decent screen of living green."

Such was his description of the plant; and the other day, looking it up in a botanical dictionary, I find that there is really known to naturalists a family of carnivorous plants; but I see that they are most of them very small, and prey upon little insects only. My maternal uncle, however, knew nothing of this, for he died before the discovery of the sun, dew, and pitcher plants; and, grounding his knowledge of the man-sucking tree simply on his own terrible experience of it, explained its existence by theories of his own.

"How," he would ask, "can we claim for man the consequence of perceptions, and yet deny to beasts that hear, see, feel, and taste a precipient principle co-existent with their senses? And if in the whole range of the animate world there is this gift of self-defense against extirpation and offense against weakness, why is the inanimate world, holding as fierce a struggle for existence as the other, to be left defenseless and unarmed? And I deny that it is. The Brazilian epiphyte strangles the tree and sucks out its juices. The tree, again, to starve off its vampire parasite, withdraws its juices into its roots, and, piercing the ground in some new place, turns the current of its sap into other growths. The epiphyte then drops off the dead boughs on to the fresh, green sprouts springing from the ground beneath it, and so the fight goes on. Again, look at the Indian peepul tree, and the fierce yearning of its roots toward the distant well.

"Is the sensitive plant unconscious? I have walked for miles through plains of it, and watched, till the watching almost made me afraid lest the plant should pluck up courage and turn upon me, the green carpet paling into silver gray beneath my feet, and fainting away all round me as I walked. So strangely did I feel the influence of this uni-

versal aversion, that I would have argued with the plant; but what was the use? If only I stretched out my hands, the mere shadow of the limb terrified the vegetable to sickness; shrubs crumbled up at every commencement of my speech; and at my periods great sturdy-looking bushes, to whose robustness I had foolishly appealed, sank in pallid supplication. Not a leaf would keep me company. A breath went forth from me that sickened life. My mere presence paralyzed life, and I was glad at last to come out among a less timid vegetation, and to feel the resentful spear-grass retaliating on the needlessness that would have crushed it. The vegetable world, however, has its revenges. You may keep the guinea-pig in a hutch, but how will you pet the basilisk? The little sensitive plant in your garden amuses your children (who will find pleasure also in seeing cockchafers spin round on a pin), but how could you transplant a vegetable that seizes the running deer, strikes down the passing bird, and, once taking hold of him, sucks the carcass of man himself, till his matter becomes as vague as his mind, and all his animate capabilities cannot snatch him from the terrible embrace of an inanimate tree?

"Many years ago," said my uncle, "I turned my restless steps toward Central Africa, and made the journey from where the Senegal empties itself into the Atlantic to the Nile, skirting the Great Desert, and reaching Nubia on my way to the eastern coast. I had with me then three native attendants—two of them brothers, the third, Otona, a young savage from the gaboon uplands, a mere lad in his teens; and one day, leaving my mule with the two men, who were pitching my tent for the night, I went on with my gun, the boy accompanying me, toward a fern forest, which I saw in the near distance. As I approached it I found the forest was cut in two by a wide glade; and seeing a small herd of the common antelope, an excellent beast in the pot, browsing their way along the shaded side, I crept after them. Though ignorant of their real danger, the herd was suspicious, and, slowly trotting along before me, enticed me for a mile or more along the verge of the fern growths. Turning a corner I suddenly became aware of a solitary tree growing in the middle of the glade—one tree alone. It struck me at once that I had never seen a tree exactly like it before; but, being intent upon venison for my supper, I looked at it only long enough to satisfy my first surprise at seeing a single plant of such rich growth flourishing luxuriantly in a spot where only the harsh fern-canes seemed to thrive.

"The deer, meanwhile, were midway between me and the tree, and looking at them I saw they were going to cross the glade. Exactly opposite them was an opening in the forest, in which I should certainly have lost my supper; so I fired into the middle of the family as they were filing before me. I hit a young fawn, and the rest of the herd, wheeling round in their sudden terror, made off in the direction of the tree, leaving the fawn struggling on the ground. Otona, the boy, ran forward at my order to secure it, but the little creature, seeing him coming, attempted to follow its comrades, and at a fair pace held on their course. The herd had meanwhile reached the tree, but suddenly, instead of passing under it, swerved in their career, and swept round it at some yards distance.

"Was I mad, or did the plant really try to catch the deer? On a sudden I saw, or thought I saw, the tree violently agitated, and while the ferns all round were standing motionless in the dead evening air, its boughs were swayed by some sudden gust toward the herd, and swept, in the force of their impulse, almost to the ground. I drew my hand across my eyes, closed them for a moment, and looked again. The tree was as motionless as myself!

"Toward it, and now close to it, the boy was running in excited pursuit of the fawn. He stretched out his hands to catch it. It bounded from his eager grasp. Again he reached forward, and again it escaped him. There was another rush forward, and the next instant boy and deer were beneath the tree.

"And now there was no mistaking what I saw.

"The tree was convulsed with motion, leaned forward, swept its thick-foliaged boughs to the ground, and enveloped from my sight the pursuer and the pursued; I was within a hundred yards, and the cry of Otona from the midst of the tree came to me in all the clearness of its agony. There was then one stifled, strangling scream, and except for the agitation of the leaves where they had closed upon the boy, there was not a sign of life.

"I called out 'Otona!' No answer came. I tried to call out again, but my utterance was like that of some wild beast smitten at once with sudden terror and its death-wound. I stood there, changed from all semblance of a human being. Not all the terrors of earth together could have made me take my eye from the awful plant, or my foot off the ground. I must have stood thus for at least an hour, for the shadows had crept out from the forest half across the glade before that hideous paroxysm of fear left me. My first impulse then was to creep stealthily away, lest the tree should perceive me, but my returning reason bade me approach it. The boy might have fallen into the lair of some beast of prey, or it might be the terrible life in the tree was that of some great serpent among its branches. Preparing to defend myself, I approached the silent tree, the harsh grass crisping beneath my feet with a strange loudness, the cicadas in the forest shrilling till the air seemed throbbing round me with waves of sound. The terrible truth was soon before me in all its awful novelty.

"The vegetable first discovered my presence at about fifty yards distance. I then became aware of a stealthy motion among the thick-lipped leaves, reminding me of some wild beast slowly gathering itself up from a long sleep, a vast coil of snakes in restless motion. Have you ever seen bees hanging from a bough—a great cluster of bodies, bee clinging to bee—and by striking the bough or agitating the air, caused that massed life to begin sullkily to disintegrate, each insect asserting its individual right to move? And do you remember how, without one bee leaving the pensile cluster, the whole became gradually instinct with sullen life and horrid with a multitudinous motion?

"I came within twenty yards of it. The tree was quivering through every branch, muttering for blood, and, helpless with rooted feet, yearning with every branch toward me. It was that terror of the deep sea which the men of the northern fiords dread, and which, anchored upon some sunken rock, stretches into vain space its longing arms, pellucid as the sea itself, and as relentless—maimed Polypheme groping for his victims.

"Each separate leaf was agitated and hungry. Like hands, they fumbled together, their fleshy palms curling upon themselves and again unfolding, closing on each other and falling apart again—thick, helpless, fingerless hands (rather lips or tongues than hands), dimpled closely with little cup-like hollows. I approached nearer and nearer, step by step, till I saw that these soft horrors were all of them in motion, opening and closing incessantly.

"I was now within ten yards of the farthest reaching bough. Every part of it was hysterical with excitement. The agitation of its members was awful—sickening yet fascinating. In an ecstasy of eagerness for the food so near them, the leaves turned upon each other. Two meeting, would suck together face to face, with a force that compressed their joint thickness to a half, thinning the two leaves into one; now grappling in a volute like a double shell, writhing like some green worm; and at last, faint with the violence of the paroxysm, would slowly separate, falling apart as leeches gorged drop off the limbs. A sticky dew glistened in the dimples, welled over, and trickled down the leaf. The sound of it dripping from leaf to leaf made it seem as if the tree were muttering to itself. The beautiful golden fruit as they swung here and there were clutched now by one leaf and now by another, held for a moment close enfolded from the sight, and then as suddenly released. Here a large leaf, vampire-like, had sucked out the juices of a smaller one. It hung limp and bloodless, like a carcass of which the weasel has tired.

"I watched the terrible struggle till my starting eyes, strained by intense attention, refused their office, and I can hardly say what I saw. But the tree before me seemed to have become a live beast. Above me I felt conscious was a great limb, and each of its thousand clammy hands reached downward toward me, fumbling. It strained, shivered, rocked, and heaved. It flung itself about in despair. The boughs, tantalized to madness with the presence of flesh, were tossed to this side and to that, in the agony of a frantic desire. The leaves were wrung together as the hands of one driven to madness by sudden misery. I felt the vile dew spurting from the tense veins fall upon me. My clothes began to give out a strange odor. The ground I stood on glistened with animal juices.

"Was I bewildered by terror? Had my senses abandoned me in my need? I know not—but the tree seemed to me to be alive. Leaning over toward me, it seemed to be pulling up its roots from the softened ground and to be moving toward me. A mountainous monster, with myriad lips, mumbling together for my life, was upon me!

"Like one who desperately defends himself from imminent death, I made an effort for life, and fired my gun at the approaching horror. To my dizzied senses the sound seemed far off, but the shock of the recoil partially recalled me to myself, and starting back I reloaded. The shot had torn their way into the soft body of the great thing. The trunk, as it received the wound, shuddered, and the whole tree was struck with a sudden quiver. A fruit fell down—slipping from the leaves, now rigid with swollen veins, as from carven foliage. Then I saw a large arm slowly droop, and without a sound it was severed from the juice-fattened bole, and sank down softly, noiselessly, through the glistening leaves. I fired again, and another vile fragment was powerless—*dead*. At each discharge the terrible vegetable yielded a life. Piecemeal I attacked it, killing here a leaf and there a branch. My fury increased with the slaughter till, when my ammunition was exhausted, the splendid giant was left a wreck—as if some hurricane had torn through it. On the ground lay heaped together the fragments, struggling, rising and falling, gasping. Over them drooped in dying languor a few stricken boughs, while upright in the midst stood, dripping at every joint, the glistening trunk.

"My continued firing had brought up one of my men on my mule. He dared not (so he told me) come near me, thinking me mad. I had now drawn my hunting-knife, and with this was fighting—with the leaves. Yes, but each leaf was instinct with a horrid life; and more than once I felt my hand entangled for a moment, and seized as if by sharp lips. Ignorant of the presence of my companion, I made a rush forward over the fallen foliage, and with a last paroxysm of frenzy, drove my knife up to the handle into the soft bole, and slipping on the fast congealing sap, fell exhausted and unconscious among the still panting leaves.

"My companions carried me back to the camp, and after vainly searching for Otona, awaited my return to consciousness. Two or three hours elapsed before I could speak, and several days before I could approach the terrible thing. My men would not go near it. It was quite dead; for as we came up, a great-billed bird, with gaudy plumage, that had been securely feasting on the decaying fruit, flew up from the wreck. We removed the rotting foliage, and there among the dead leaves, still limp with juices, and piled round the roots, we found the ghastly relics of many former meals, and—its last nourishment—the corpse of little Otona. To have removed the leaves would have taken too long, so we buried the body as it was, with a hundred vampire leaves still clinging to it."

From "Under the Sun."

Letters From the People

An Admirer of Dreiser

Summit, N. J., Aug. 30, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

A new and radical step in book publishers' advertising is suggested by the attempted suppression of Theodore Dreiser's novel, "The Genius."

The book business is as much a merchandizing proposition as anything from soaps to automobiles. It is governed by the same laws and surrounded by much the same selling conditions. In this case, a big, vital piece of literature is assailed for no other reason than because mature, world-standards of literature have not yet been "sold" to the American public.

Now, advertising could create a taste for world-standards of literature just as quickly and effectively, for example, as it created a taste for the cleansing rigors of Pebeco, even though Pebeco at first did not anywhere nearly suit the taste of those wedded to the flavor of cheap confectionery in their dental creams.

As yet Mr. Dreiser's novels do not suit the taste of readers who are wedded to the illusion of conventionality, the illusion of sterilized romance, the illusion that people are either all good or all bad. He is assailed because he "conceives of life as a blind goddess, pouring from separate jars, one of which she holds in each hand, simultaneously, the streams of good and evil, which mingling, make this troubled existence, flowing ever onward to the sea." He is attacked because he reveals instead of veils life, because he writes with a true understanding of American life.

To repudiate the realism of the tremendous fiction of Theodore Dreiser is to repudiate the realism of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of Tolstoi and Turgenev, of Victor Hugo, Balzac and Flaubert. The contest is between blind, narrow, puritanical standards of literature and world-standards. It springs from a complete and utter misunderstanding of the values and advantages of realism.

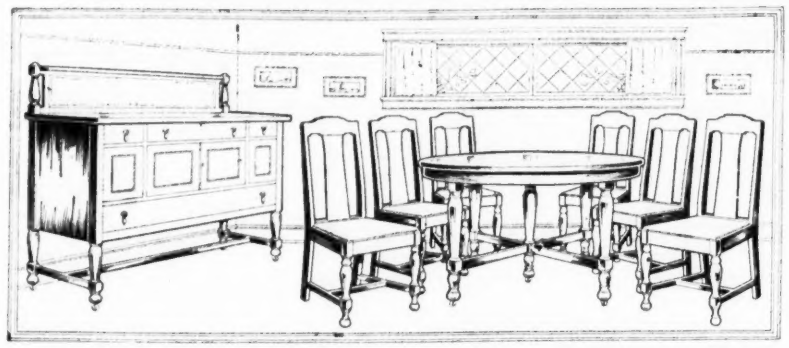
That is why America's publishers could at this time do themselves, their authors, and the country a vast amount of good by a spirited advertising campaign setting forth clearly and simply the values and advantages of a realistic interpretation of life in literature.

Just as the railroads advertise the attitude of capital toward industrial life, so the publishers could advertise the attitude of realism toward intellectual life. Both are dealers primarily in service, and only secondarily in the merchandise of transportation and the merchandise of books. For the new ideals of business make service all-important.

And so the service of great realists should be explained and made clearly understandable to the buyers of books. It should be brought strongly home to us all that ignorance of life is dangerous and unworthy, and that an understanding of life is a thing of unassailable worth and eternal values.

NEWTON A. FUESSLE.

High-grade Furniture of Newest Design to Meet Every Individual Requirement



There is unlimited possibilities to the decorating and furnishing of your dining room. A suggestion from our furniture specialists might be found very helpful in planning rearrangement for the Fall and Winter months.

New Fall lines that are now on display here, will enable you to carry out any decoration scheme, and the Vandervoort service is a guarantee in itself of lasting satisfaction.

Brown - finished Mahogany Dining Room Suite, including a—

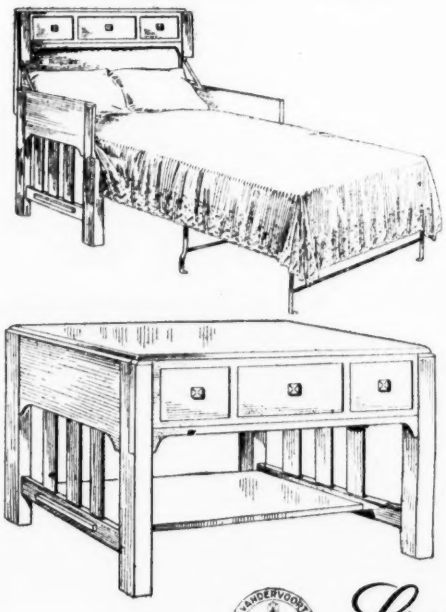
Sideboard	$34
Extension Table	$28
China Cabinet	$28
Serving Table	$13.50
Dining Chairs (5) for	$25
Price, complete	$128.50

Brown Mahogany Dining Room Suite—Queen Anne—consisting of a

Sideboard	
Extension Table	
China Cabinet	
Serving Table	
Dining Chairs (5)	
Arm Diner	
Price, complete,	$585.00

Handsome American Walnut Dining Room Suite—very complete and including a

Sideboard	$70
Extension Table	$57.50
China Cabinet	$60
Serving Table	$34
Side Chairs (5) for	$62.50
Arm Diner	$18
Price, complete	$302.00



A very unusual Dining Room Suite in antique brown mahogany —Chinese Chippendale—including almost the entire furnishings needed in the dining room.

Sideboard	$144	Serving Table	$45
Extension Table	$90	Side Chairs (5) for	$105
China Cabinet	$91	Arm Diner	$26

Complete set for $501.00

A Useful, Ornamental Table Bed

The illustration shows two views of Furniture suitable for any home and its usefulness is twofold. A good looking table 4x6 ft. long—by day, and a full length bed at night.

The mattress and bedding remain in the table and its splendid construction makes it impossible for anyone to detect the bed which it provides.

There are various woods and styles for choice, including the Adam, Jacobean and straight-line effects. Price complete $42.50

Fifth Floor

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Established in 1850

OLIVE — LOCUST — NINTH — TENTH

The Best Goods for the Price No Matter What the Price

Good Advertising

Since the object of advertising is to increase sales, to those uninitiated in this branch of modern commercialism it would appear that the best time to advertise is when business is dullest. However, just the contrary course prevails among men high in the advertising world, as anyone may discover from a casual glance at the advertising columns of the newspapers and magazines. Either a publication carries page copy from many advertisers or it carries small copy from very few, and this fluctuation of advertising space agrees exactly with the experts' dicta of "good business" or "bad business." A departure from this well-established custom was inaugurated by the Union Electric Company of St. Louis this summer. All during the weeks that are usually pronounced "dull," this company has conducted a vigorous campaign such as advertising managers usually put on in the fall—following up with the same service and attention to detail given at any season of the year—and the results have been almost phenomenal, greatly in excess of the usual returns. This would seem to indicate that advertising creates the demand and that a less crowded field affords better opportunity. How will other advertising men interpret this experiment? And what will be their course next summer?

3855 Olive Street

IMPORTER OF FINE AND RARE

J. N. SEROPYAN

ORIENTAL RUGS

PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE

Special Department for Cleaning and Repairing Rugs

Cleanest and Best Work Done in the City

Phone, Lindell 3264

✣✣✣

Ex Post Facto

The new maid was entirely a war-time makeshift, and the mistress bore with her patiently at first. But on the third day she placed a very unclean dinner plate on the table, and patience broke down. "Really, Mary, you might at least see that the plates are clean." "Well, mum," Mary rejoined, "I owns to them thumb marks, but that dried mustard was there afore I come."

✣✣✣

Vicarious Sedative

For three successive nights Newpop had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate and bought a bottle of soothing syrup. "Why, James," exclaimed his wife when she saw the bottle, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like that?" "Don't worry," was her husband's reply. "I'm going to take it myself."

New Books

By Alma Meyer

"Petey Simmons at Siwash," by George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

Those of us who have laughed and chuckled over George Fitch's college life stories will be glad to concur in Edmund Vance Cooke's fanciful conclusion that Fitch is not dead, that he lived in his stories with an ever increasing force of personality, exuding "not humor only, not sentiment merely, not only that keen, clean appeal to the best side of human nature, but that lovableness in laughter which lurks in all his work." In exact sympathetic presentation of college life and spirit, Fitch's stories are more satisfying than could be a photoplay, for in addition to the optical evidence, one hears the boys' voices and shares their thought processes. Through his magic one readily discerns that the aim of a college education is not to acquire the knowledge usually found in books but to breed a class, a frat, a college spirit. Perfect oratorical powers become less of a desideratum than the advancement of the debating society; to pass a calculus test is of less importance than to aid a fellow frat man elude the exam. One learns to understand the necessity that compels such hoodlum practices as the running of a street car amok. Even hazing becomes praiseworthy and all desirable. "Petey Simmons at Siwash" has nothing new in it perhaps; neither has it anything old. It shows college life from seven different angles—all of them funny to the beholder although most serious to the participants. Yet this volume will have a double appeal because of the keen and delicate appreciation of George Fitch done by Edmund Vance Cooke from the vantage point of intimate friendship and deep affection.

✣

"The Heart of Rachael," by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday-Page, $1.35.

Never was a logician who could more clearly present the arguments pro and con on any question, and never was an advocate who could alternately and successfully espouse both sides as does Kathleen Norris divorce in "The Heart of Rachael." She gradually builds up her case for divorce until it appears necessary and inevitable; the divorce once secured, she shows by contrast how terrible was the first marriage and how beautiful the second. Happiness follows—marred only by the very faintest cloud of occasional public disapproval. Years elapse and then, just as logically as in the first instance, Miss Norris proves that marriage should be indissoluble—that every law and claim of nature demands that it should be. Written of society people, she uses only those arguments that would appeal to them; she ignores all religious pronouncements and relies upon common sense and instinct to prove her points. Through it all she emphasizes that if marriage is entered into with the proper motive and spirit there will be no desire for divorce. However, there is no attempt at preaching nor is there boresome moralizing. There is just a scintillatingly clever chronicle of the actions and aspirations of a representative group of a certain class of American society. Followers of Miss Norris' fiction will recognize in this by far the best work she has yet done.

✣

"People Like That," by Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Bros., $1.25.

A touch of romance interwoven with the thread of a very serious study of the double standard of morals—which should be a single standard—makes a very readable novel of what otherwise would be an equally readable social treatise. "Women are no longer ignorant or dependent and the time for silence and acceptance is past. * * * Man can hardly be blamed, but women should be for the continuance of old points of view. * * * Men don't do what women won't stand for. * * * Women have got to make men know that they'll be damned the same as women if they sin the same as women." Such, in brief, is the argument; the story is a succession of horrible examples of the consequences of the double standard, and of object lessons in charitable judgment and sympathetic aid for the victims thereof. The whole is done with a restraint that merits for it respectful consideration. This book has been placed upon the parallel course of reading in the high schools of Norfolk, Virginia—Mrs. Bosher's birthplace.

Opening of the Players Theatre

If the capacity audience that was present at the opening last Sunday night, and the enthusiasm it exhibited, are any indications of public favor, the Players, at the Princess, which has been transformed into the Players' Theater, will succeed. The stock company is good and in the initial production gave promise of being able to handle about any of the plays that it may be called on to present. Mr. Mitchell Harris is the leading man, while Miss Thais Magrane is the leading woman. Miss Magrane has been seen frequently in a variety of plays by St. Louis audiences, while Mr. Mitchell Harris has for a long time been the matinee idol of that other attraction of Hagerman and Fitzsimmons, the Park Theater.

The play chosen was that excellent comedy-drama, the "Seven Keys to Baldpate," dramatized by George Cohan. Earl Derr Biggers, in constructing the story seems to have discovered the literary trick of writing a story within a story within a story. The owner of Baldpate, a summer hotel, on a bet, sends a young author to the lonely place in winter to write a story, and then with keys given to the other characters, marshals the *dramatis personae* for a fine melodrama to take place in the abandoned hotel rotunda, the owner entering at the finish to tell the young author that the people he sees are only players provided for his benefit. And then in the last scene even this illusion is destroyed and the characters we have seen are but the people of the author's novel. This is going too far, one feels, in the matter of telescoping stories. The story would be just as good without the final disillusionment. Biggers has recently, in the "Agony Column," written another excellent story with the same literary device.

The play went extraordinarily well for a first presentation by a new company. There may have been rough spots in it but they were apparent only on the closest observation. Mr. Harris carried the lead well. If there is any adverse criticism to be made it is on his work in the love-making scenes, which were a little bit too melodramatic. If played in lighter vein, these scenes would be more effective. Miss Magrane played her part with evenness and good sense. The minor players are also worthy of praise.

"The Seven Keys to Baldpate" will continue at the Grand avenue house through the present week.

Summer Shows

"Wildfire," Broadhurst and Hobart's racing comedy drama, in which Lillian Russell formerly starred, will be presented at the Players' Theater, Grand and Olive, for the week beginning next Sunday matinee. Mitchell Harris has a fine part and the Lillian Russell role will be played by Thais Magrane. In honor of "Wildfire" and also the women players, all of whom have red or near-red hair, and the brick-top ushers, the management will award prizes at the Sunday matinee to the prettiest girl with the prettiest red hair, to the girl with the prettiest shade of red hair and the girl with the reddest hair who may attend the performance.

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Helen Lackaye, youngest sister of Wilton Lackaye, makes her debut in vaudeville in "Overtones," Alice Gerstenberg's playlet of dual personality, which will be the headliner on the Columbia bill starting with next Monday matinee. Much prominence was given "Overtones" when presented by the Washington Square Players at the Bandbox Theater in New York. It possesses a most novel and interesting treatment of dual personalities, and undoubtedly is the most original bit of dramatic construction that has come to the stage in some years. Two women, one rich and hungering for love, the other having love and hungering for food, are in discussion. As these women discourse, their inner selves, portrayed by two other players, speak the women's real thoughts. The play shows the difference in one's speech and one's thought, proving the hypocrisy of most mankind. The sketch, which is admirably played and adequately presented, is one of the real gems of the vaudeville season. B. St. Denis presents *Vanda Hoff*, supported by *Betalo Rubino* and company in "The Dancing Girl of Delhi," an Oriental fantasy from tales of the Mohammedan courts. Until recently Miss Hoff was a solo dancer with Ruth St. Denis. The two scenes are near and upon the palace of the Nizam. Josie Heather is an English comedienne. Harry Pilcer presents his sister, Elsie Pilcer, and Dudley Douglas in smart songs, dances, sayings and gowns, the act in reality being a pocket edition of that done by Harry Pilcer and Gaby Deslys. Gaits Brothers are eccentric dancers. Bee Ho Gray and Ada Somerville give an exhibition of roping, riding and broncho busting. Wallace Galvin's celebrated laughing egg trick is one of the finest things in vaudeville. Ruby Cavelle and her company appear in an up-to-date singing, dancing and musical oddity. The Orpheum Travel Weekly concludes the exceptionally fine variety bill.

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Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna's three-act French vaudeville, "Madame Sherry," is proving a delightful and profitable attraction at the Park Theater for the current week. Margie Heimueller, a graduate from the chorus, is pleasing in her role of the Spanish *Pepita*. Janet McIlwaine, said to be the best-dressed woman on the American stage, is rapidly becoming popular at the West End playhouse. This is her first appearance in St. Louis. Roger Gray and Billy Kent carry over the comedy of Hauerbach's book in a most admirable manner. Florence Mackie is very much at home in the role of *Yvonne*.

Sunday matinees will be resumed on September 10.

On Monday next, the offering of the Park Opera Company will be "The Follies of the Old Town," Montgomery and Stone's great musical comedy success.

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Now offering five big acts of vaudeville in addition to exceptional motion pictures, the Shenandoah management is presenting the biggest and best entertainment in South St. Louis. The vaudeville and picture programme are changed on Mondays and Thursdays. Two performances are given every evening, at 7 and 9, with matinees on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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"The Little Lady from Lonesome Town"—an exciting drama showing to what ends villainy will go to attain its object and how virtue finally triumphs—with Nancy Boyer in the title role, will open at the American Theater next Sunday. Although just out of her teens, Miss Boyer has been popular in stock for many seasons and has starred in "The Morals of Marcus," "Green Stockings," "When Knighthood was in Flower," and last year, in "Jerry." The scenes of the play are laid in California and the staging is particularly good.

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The vaudeville bill at the Grand Opera House for the week beginning Monday will be headed by Kluting's Novelty—trained dogs, cats and pigeons, effectively staged with many unusual accessories. Second on the bill is a farcical comedy sketch, "Merry Married Men," interspersed with singing numbers. Other acts are: Von Hampton and Shriner, in comedy singing and talking; Kelly and Pollock in singing and dancing; the three Melvins in original gymnastic feats; the Barry girls, dainty comedians; Knight and Moore in more singing and talking; Gedmin and company, shadowgraphists; P. George with a mystifying musical menu, and new animated and comedy pictures.

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The Talisman

By Peter Newton

One rainy night, not long ago, a few of us were drinking coffee and smoking down in the "Mad Hatter." Not unnaturally the talk turned to Lewis Carroll and his clever political satire. One of us read aloud that delicious bit from "Through the Looking Glass," in which the White Knight and Alice are talking about a pudding which the Knight had invented during the meat course, and how, on being asked if it would be served for the next course, he said: "Well, not the *next* course, no, certainly not the next *course*." And when Alice thought it might be the next day: "Well, not the *next* day, not the next *day*." And on being asked what his pudding was made of, told Alice that "it began with blotting-paper" and was mixed with gunpowder and sealing-wax.

This occasioned some one to remark that they had their "pudding" now with a vengeance. Just then there was a tap at the door and a forlorn, dripping beggar of a man stepped in. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but it's an awfully nasty night *I* tell you!" After he

had ordered some coffee and lit a cigarette, he said: "I heard what you were saying about the war; it *is* a rotten mess! I'm just over from the other side myself. Some queer things have happened. Like the phantom English bowmen, led by St. George, seen by our side and the Germans during the fighting at Mons. A very uncanny thing happened to me, too. I saw service down in the Dardenelles and in the force that tried to make Bagdad. I was one of a platoon ordered out on scout duty under the command of a young fellow named Talbot. A subaltern he was, and the gamest youngster I ever met. It was hotter than Hell out there on the sand and nothing particular much to do, so we could not blame the young one when he began noticing a dancing girl from the native camp over beyond the dry river-bed back of the clump of trees. Damned pretty she was, with great black eyes that danced wicked like in the night time. The worst of it was he really loved the girl. Even the Lance-Corporal, and him from Lincolnshire, too, could see that with half an eye.

"Well, just at the point when we were all wishing that we might be relieved and get the boy out of there, along came orders to arrest the girl and shoot her as a spy. It seems that she had been caught some time back passing letters and information to the enemy, and had escaped to her people. You can imagine how Talbot took this. But like the soldier he was, he did his duty. She was arrested, and according to orders was to be shot at sunrise on a certain day. Talbot, as the officer in command, and the only commissioned officer in the outpost, found the job of giving the command to fire, which would mean his sweetheart's death, a pretty rotten fix for him to be in.

"The day broke hot and sultry, and after reveille and the change of guard, with him pacing up and down, up and down, the girl was brought out to be shot. It's one thing to shoot the fellow that's trying to shoot you in the trenches or to stab with the bayonet in a charge, but to line up and shoot a damn pretty little girl in cold blood is quite another matter. There was not one of us who had much stomach for the thing.

"When she saw Talbot she broke down and begged him to save her, for his love for her and because she swore she was innocent. But he told her that his duty was to his flag, and orders were orders and such stuff, and we could all see that he was put to it not to break down himself—he was just a kid. Well, he happened to glance at a ring he wore on his little finger. I had often noticed it—a queer sort of thing, made of silver filligree with some stones set in it and shaped like a Bishop's mitre. The Saracens used to make them in the time of the Crusades, when Richard of the Lion Heart and his Crusaders were going east to the Holy Land. He took the ring off his finger and gave it to her, telling her that he had bought it from a Fakir when he was with his regiment in Allahabad. It was supposed to be a Talisman against evil. He put it on her finger and told her to hold it over her heart when we fired. It was the damndest betrothal ceremony ever I saw.

"He took a new brace on himself then, and put her from him. She was stood up against a mound of earth. The firing squad lined up, and, with his teeth set, Talbot gave the commands, Load! Ready! Aim! . . . Fire! Eight rifles spat flame and lead—and, my God!—it makes me cold to think of it—the girl was gone! Not dead, but absolutely vanished! Look at it how we would, we could make nothing of it. Right on the spot where she had stood was the silver filligree ring. Talbot picked it up and put it on his finger again, and said never a word, except to order us to break ranks and disperse. Not more than five minutes after that, along came a despatch rider from headquarters with the girl's reprieve. They had caught the real spy, and this was not the same girl at all. I thought Talbot would go off his head.

"Fortunately we were called in then, and in the rear-guard action, covering the retreat of our main column, Talbot was fatally wounded. I caught him as he fell and gave him water and held his head while he died. He gave me the ring and a message to his mother. Here's the ring. The only reason I keep the damned creepy thing is because—well, I loved her too! I'm over here now writing for the magazines and trying to forget."

We were too much affected to thank him for his tale, and we broke up and went our several ways. No one thought to even get his name. But he certainly ought to succeed in placing his stuff with the magazines!—*The Ink Pot.*

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Carpet of Omar Nizam

By Katherine Keith

The fierce glare of the eastern sun at mid-day beat pitilessly down on the narrow, squalid streets of Kermanshah. Even the shrill voices of the ragged children were hushed. Save for the piercing trill of the locust, breathless, panting silence reigned; and not a leaf stirred, nothing save the unending shimmer of the atmosphere.

Upstairs in the leafy coolness of his roof-garden, lulled by the soft splashing of the fountain, which rose and fell in liquid monotony, Omar Nizam sat with his head on his hands, gazing dreamily through the clouds of smoke that curled from his nargihle, at the carpet before him.

He wondered why he had bought it. Why that blue, weirdly strange as a sapphire held before a flame, had stirred at the strings of his memory until he knew that he had to give the Jew his price for it, no matter what that price might be.

There was something strange in that rug, something that made it different from any he had ever seen. Was it the wild, riotous brightness of the colors in one part which gradually, very gradually melted together as his eyes traveled toward the low edge into one beautiful, harmonious whole? Or was it the cross that gleamed so white against its background of blue? No, it wasn't the riot of color, nor the gleam of the white cross, nor even the burnished glitter of the golden thread, which commenced so abruptly part way down the rug and then traced in and out of the pattern all the way down to the bottom.

It was that blue, intensely brilliant at first, but gradually growing more and more rich in its luster, until near the bottom it seemed as if the very souls of the sky and of the ocean and of the sapphire were gathered in the silken folds.

Suddenly Omar Nizam paused in his smoking and lifted his head from his hands. Like a flash it all came back to him. The mists of thirty years rolled away and the long ago was as clear as yesterday.

* * * * *

No longer did the sun sift through the foliage of the roof garden, to laugh and play with the twinkling fountain, but it was night—a deep, starry night, far out on the plains of Mogan.

A slender, bare-footed girl was dancing before the rough soldiers of the Imperial Guard. The warm glow of the camp fire lit up the bronze of her hair, which streamed over her bare shoulders and cast strange lights on the sapphire blue of her light robe. A strange blue it was, different from any other in the world, except that of her eyes. Somehow it seemed a part of her; were the blue to change, she would be changed also. No one knew how she had come there, among those rude men, bearing with her a loom, on which were the flaring colors of a newly commenced rug.

There was one face in all that rough crowd that did not light up with coarse pleasure at the beauty of the dance. A young man stood apart from the rest, a look of pain and pity in his deep-set eyes.

"How could that girl degrade herself to come into that camp alone to dance before a lot of brutal soldiers?"

He asked the man nearest him who she was.

"Only a Kashan dancing girl," was the reply. "One of the lowest of her kind."

After she finished and sank down beside the loom the young man went over and touched the brown shoulder.

"You shouldn't be here," he said gently. "Get your loom and let me take you home. It isn't right for you to dance before these men."

The wild, blue eyes looked fiercely up into his and he saw the scornful curve of her red lips.

"Why shouldn't I be here," she said. "Why should I do what is right, I, who am only a Kashan dancing girl?"

He looked at her in surprise, and

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then a gleam of wonderful, comprehending sympathy lighted his face.

"No," he said gently, "you are not only a Kashan dancing girl; you are a woman—a woman," he repeated softly, "the purest, holiest gift that Allah ever gave to man."

The wild light died slowly out of the blue eyes and again gave place to one of awe-struck wonder; and then a wave of scarlet leaped from her throat to the roots of her hair. As if in a dream, she took the veil, which she had waved so defiantly through the dance, and putting it over her head, she picked up the loom and passed slowly out of the camp and out of his life forever.

* * * * *

The long afternoon wore away. Cool breezes stirred the palms of the roof garden, and indistinct murmurs were wafted up from the street—of donkey boys urging on their patient animals, the bleating of home-coming goats and, far away, from the gardens of the governor's palace, the soft cadence of a woman's voice mingled with the notes of a zither. But Omar Nizam heard them not as his eyes traveled slowly through the depths of the rug. First those fierce, wild colors, then the golden thread twining in and out of the pattern, sometimes almost gone, but always reappearing, brighter than ever before.

Softer grew the colors, blending more and more completely. Very slowly the blue added to the wonderful depths of the sapphire sheen. But the more blue it became, the less it predominated over the other shades. And then, half way down, the cross in all its gleaming purity. Still softer became the harmony of the different shades, simpler but more perfect became the pattern with its thread of gold.

Slowly, Omar Nizam's eyes reached the bottom, and he fell on his knees and bowed his head, for the greatest of all mysteries was in the carpet before him the mystery of a woman's soul—and he was afraid.—*Bruno's Weekly.*

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Marts and Money

It was a week of depression and disappointment on the New York Exchange. Prices moved downward in the representative groups. They were affected mostly by the struggle between the railroad companies and their employes. In numerous instances, the declines varied from three to five points. They were not attended by large volumes of transfers, however, and it appears permissible to believe, therefore, that much of the selling was for the account of professional parties, who were anticipative of a real crisis and urgent liquidation at falling quotations. The danger of a strike having been averted, more or less important rallies in prices will probably be witnessed in the next few days.

According to reliable reports, foreign liquidation showed a perceptible enlargement. It was particularly effective in Atchison common, Chicago, M. & St. Paul common, Great Northern, Norfolk & Western common, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, and United States Steel. The last-named stock's value declined to 95, or to a level denoting a loss of more than four points when contrasted with the recent top record of 99⅜. The relapse occurred in the face of decidedly cheerful reports from the steel manufacturing districts. It is not believed in Wall Street circles that the rise in Steel common has culminated. The idea obtains that the selling was chiefly by people who could not resist the temptation to "cash in," after their contracts indicated winnings ranging from five to fifteen points. While this sort of theorizing is in harmony with pertinent precedents, we must not lose sight of the fact that Steel common has frequently set new high records at the end of a boisterous "bull" campaign.

There was a new outburst of selling in the group of motor certificates. It was especially noticeable in Studebaker common, despite official assurances that the company had $4,000,000 cash in the banks and was in favorable financial position generally. The break in this instance amounted to $9. The present price of 120 shows a depreciation of seventy-five points since last October, when sales were made at 195. Last January's maximum was 167. The weakness in the prices of shares of this category incites a great deal of conjectures of one kind or another. To my thinking, it is the inevitable consequence of selling for inside account at the altitudinous figures of some time ago and of the belated "closing out" of long accounts for people whose financial power of resistance had become exhausted. There was frantic buying of motor stocks a year ago, when the financial columns of the newspapers teemed with glowing descriptions of the enormous profits that surely would come to the manufacturers as a result of the war in Europe. The selling must have been mighty good at that time.

Incidentally, it may be pointed out that the downward tendencies in the values of automobile certificates were visibly emphasized, some weeks ago, by the announcement that the prices of the Ford machines had been reduced. That bit of news set traders to thinking over the possibility of overproduction and increasing competition. The disposition to engage in this intellectual exercise was additionally stimulated by the declaration of dividends on the common and second preferred shares of the Maxwell Company. It was argued that the directorial action looked somewhat suspicious. Studebaker common is entitled to 10 per cent per annum. The current price of 120 would seem reasonable, in view of this. A further decline would arouse misgivings as to the stability of the 10 per cent rate. The net yield at 120 is 8.33. Maxwell common is quoted at 81. Purchasers at this price obtain 12.34 per cent on their investments.

The money market shows no changes of real consequence, though the reserve holdings of the Clearing-House banks and trust companies disclose a severe loss. The rates for call funds are a half per cent higher, being 2¾ to 3 per cent, against 2¼ to 2½ a week ago. Funds for six months are quoted at 3¾ to 4 per cent. In the event of a further contraction in surplus reserves, the maximum charge should advance to 4½ per cent. It was 4¾ per cent some weeks ago. Sight drafts on London still are rated at $4.75¾, or at the same price as they were on May 1, immediately before the resumption of gold imports from Canada on a broad scale. The sum total of arrivals now stands at $230,000,000. It has become known that the $250,000,000 British loan, lately floated in the United States, was arranged with a view, in part, to preventing a material break in the sterling exchange quotation at New York during September, October, and November, months of heavy shipments of wheat, flour, cotton, and munitions to British ports.

The rate for bills on Berlin is down to 69¾ cents. This represents a new absolute minimum. Parity is 95.2 for four reichsmarks. The latest "slump" reflects Roumania's entrance into the arena of war on the side of the Entente Allies; also the perplexing status of German finance, and the almost complete severance of commercial relations between Germany and the United States. French exchange shows a little improvement, the ruling demand rate being 5.89½ francs, against 5.90½ a week ago. Parity is 5.18⅛ francs. The present quotation thus indicates a depreciation of about 71 centimes. Owing, mostly, to heavy buying of Russian government bonds by American investors, the rate for ruble exchange has risen to 35 cents; some time ago it was down to 29¼. Parity is 51.2 cents. London reports feverish speculative activity in Russian exchange and securities.

The latest statement of the Bank of England reveals a reserve ratio of 26 per cent. This compares with 32 per cent some time since, and with 15 per cent in the first week of the war. Walter Bagehot fixed the danger line at 40 per cent; he called that the "apprehension minimum." The Bank of France continues to add largely to its outstanding note circulation, which now amounts to almost 16,300,000,000 francs. A year ago, the record was 12,955,000,000; two years ago, 6,638,000,000. The Bank's holdings of gold are placed at 4,806,995,000 francs, against 4,266,236,000 and 4,141,350,000 on the same date in 1915 and 1914, respectively. According to the *l'Economiste Francais,* of Paris, "the total monthly expenditure of the French Government exceeds the ordinary monthly income by about 2,500,000,000 francs. Treasury bonds and National Defence issues bring in approximately 1,000,000,000 francs a month. Recently, the Bank of France has been advancing to the Government, on an average, 400,000,000 francs monthly, those advances totalling 8,100,000,000 francs on June 6." These are sinister and staggering facts and figures. They put the stamp of reasonableness upon Francis W. Hirsts' recent assertion that the bankruptcy of two or three of the warring countries of Western Europe will become clearly apparent if the struggle lasts a few months longer. Mr. Hirst was formerly the editor of the London *Economist.*

The quotations for cotton options advanced further a few days since, on the publication of the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture, which put the probable crop at 11,800,000 bales. The opinion exists in "bullish" quarters that the Government's estimate

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presages a deficit in supplies for the 1916-17 season. On the Grand Exchange, prices underwent violent fluctuations, in consequence of the varying news concerning the strike menace. It was apparent, though, that the main drift continued upward. The current quotation for May wheat—$1.49½—surpasses the corresponding record in 1915 by about 50 cents.

The increasing confusion in price movements in the markets for securities and commodities derives, in part, from the growing uncertainties as to ultimate meaning and effects of the great war.

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Finance in St. Louis.

They have quite a satisfactory sort of a market down on Fourth Street. There is a good speculative inquiry for especially promising issues, and it would not surprise close observers if it were to show considerable enlargement in the next month or two. Particularly favored are the dividend-paying industrial securities. The partiality for them is the natural outcome of the big earnings of companies of this class and the rising probabilities of increases in rates of payment to stockholders. At the same time, it is reflective of the prevailing fashion in Wall street. Wagner Electric Manufacturing is the favorite in St. Louis. Its quotation denotes another advance of $10, being 275.50, against 265.50 a week ago.

The demand for Independent Breweries issues shows a considerable falling off. Thus far, the sharp upward movement in recent times has not led to liberal profit-taking sales. The 6 per cent bonds are purchasable at 65. Five shares of National Candy first preferred were transferred at 100. This price implies an advance of $4 when compared with the low mark in 1915. There were no transactions in the common stock. Twenty thousand dollars of United Railways 4 per cent bonds were disposed of at the previous price of 61.37½. The tranquil state of the preferred and common stocks was not disturbed.

Nothing of importance can be chronicled respecting the shares of banking institutions. Bank of Commerce advanced $1.50, that is, from 108 to 109.50. Additional improvement would appear probable. The quotations for other certificates of this class are firmly maintained. There is no pressure to sell, and none is expected under existing conditions.

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Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	109½	110
State National Bank	200	.....
Mercantile Trust	341	342
Title Guaranty Trust	110½	.....
United Railways pfd	.....	18½
do 4s	61½	61¾
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s	.....	75¼
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s	85	.....
Laclede Gas 5s	101½	101¾
K. C. Home Tel. 5s ($500)	91½	92
do 5s ($100)	93	.....
K. C. L. D. Tel. 5s	89½	.....
St. L. Cotton Compress	37	.....
Union Sand and Material	75½	76
Ely & Walker com	134	.....
International Shoe pfd	109½	110
General Roofing pfd	100	101½
Granite-Bimetallic	63¾	65
American Bakery 6s	99¾	.....
Independ. Brew. 1st pfd.	25	.....
do 6s	.....	65
National Candy com	9	9⅛
Chicago Ry. Equipment	96½	97½
Wagner Electric	306	307½

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Answers to Inquiries.

GREEN, St. Louis.—Copper stocks are not a safe investment. They are more or less speculative. Their prices fluctuate extensively from time to time. Utah Copper, now quoted at 83, may be worth only 50 a year hence. Anaconda may drop from 86 to 55; Miami. from 33 to 22. At present, the copper industry is in a highly prosperous condition, and likely to remain so six months longer, at least, owing, largely, to heavy exports to Europe. This notwithstanding, you would not be justified in investing your funds at this time. It is dangerous to buy stocks at materially raised prices.

W. M. McG., Omaha, Neb.—The Erie 5½ per cent notes, of 1918, are not overvalued at 101; nor are they likely to depreciate to any serious extent. In case of a "squall" in the general market, you might have a chance to get them at 98¾ or 99. The Erie's finances are in good shape, and there is a probability that dividend payments may be resumed on the first preferred stock before the end of 1916.

STOCKHOLDER, Quincy, Ill.—(1) The preferred stock of the Cuba Cane Sugar Co. seems an attractive purchase, though it cannot yet be considered a safe investment. The 7 per cent dividend is not the least in danger under prevailing trade conditions. The presumption is that the company should be able to earn it even after the war is over and the Continental nations are again producing beet sugar in great quantities. (2) Cannot recommend purchases of Cerro de Pasco certificates.

READER, Fort Worth, Tex.—(1) There's no probability of dividends on Tobacco Products common in the next six months. This is sufficiently indicated by the current quotation of 46. There may be 3 or 4 per cent in store for the holders in the second half of 1917 or in the early part of 1918. The company is doing well, and the management is capable and up-to-the-minute. (2) Southern Pacific should eventually rise to your point of 109, though hardly before January 1. The company is amply prepared to increase the dividend rate from 6 to 7 per cent. It is not likely, however, to take such a step before July 1, 1917.

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In the Manner of Edgar Lee Masters

By H. Thompson Rich

There was once a butcher
Who, for love of a chorus lady,
Disembowelled himself with a meat axe
On her sofa.
Now I do not claim this was particularly wrong;
I do not condemn the man.

I simply say
That when a useful male animal
Would make such miserable shift
Over an amour with an abandoned woman,
There must be something rotten
In the moral fabric
Of the community which bore him.

✣✣✣

Head of Firm—How long do you want to be away on your wedding trip?

Hawkins (timidly)—Well, sir—er—what would you say?

Head of the Firm—How do I know? I haven't seen the bride.—*Kansas City Star.*

"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 2

James Madison—"Father of the Constitution"

THE FOURTH PRESIDENT of the United States considered it a greater honor to be declared the Father of the Constitution than to have been elected twice to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. No more ardent, intelligent, far-sighted and constant student of governmental problems ever lived than Madison. They were his life-long passion. He it was who labored with all his gigantic ability and indomitable will to have deeply imbedded in our National law those vital principles which forever guarantee to all Americans Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. In private life he was genial and social—yet temperate. Many a foaming glass of good barley-malt beer he drank with his bosom friend Thomas Jefferson—"Father of the Declaration of Independence." Madison died at 85 and Jefferson at 83; both were unalterably opposed to tyrannous Prohibition Laws, and advocated legislation which encouraged the brewing industry. Upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A., to which Madison devoted the best of his genius, Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. Today 7500 people are daily required to produce and market their honest brews. Their chief brand, the famous BUDWEISER, is sold throughout the civilized world—the drink of your forefathers—the drink of the noblest men who ever lived—the drink of the great triumphant nations. BUDWEISER sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

The Beer for the Home, Hotel, Club and Cafe

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The Best Equipped and Best Located Offices in the City

E. A. KENNEDY, Manager, Suite 908 Syndicate Trust Building

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New Books Received

BIG-TIMBER by Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little-Brown & Co.; $1.35.

A romance of the logging camps. Frontispiece by Duer.

LIFE AND LIVING by Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: Geo. H. Doran & Co.; $1.00 net.

A third volume of verse by the author of "The Roadside Fire."

PETEY SIMMONS AT SIWASH by George Fitch. Boston: Little-Brown & Co.; $1.25.

A further account of the doings at Siwash. Illustrated. Introduction by Edmund Vance Cooke.

THE BOOK OF THE DANCE by Arnold Genthe. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $6.00 net.

Pictured motion—two hundred beautiful plates—with an essay on dancing by Shaemas O Sheel.

THE WHITE SPARK AND TWO PAMPHLETS by Orville Livingston Leach. Providence, Rhode Island: Rhode Island Scientific Research Association.

A new philosophy which claims to give a key to the universe.

HOMANS' AUTOMOBILE HANDBOOK by J. E. Homans. New York: Sully & Kleinteich, 373 Fourth Av.; $1.00.

A summary of the principles of construction and operation of a gasoline motor car and engine. Lucid, thorough, interesting and informing. Indexed and illustrated.

✣✣✣

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

EVERY woman has a "*position.*" Whether social, business or artistic she holds it better when aided by *good looks.* This is why so many depend, for skin-health and fairness, on

Ingram's

Milkweed Cream

50c and $1.00 at Drug Stores

Preserves Good Complexions —Improves Bad Complexions

It is used for skin disorders and sallowness, as well as undue redness or sunburn.
Send us 6c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing, and get free our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room sizes. Address

Frederick F. Ingram Company
Established 1885
Windsor, Can. 26 Tenth St., Detroit, U.S.A.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder is Powdered Perfection for the Complexion. Four shades: pink, white, flesh and brunette. Price, 50c at drug stores or by mail, postpaid.

Evens & Howard
FIRE BRICK COMPANY
Manufacturers of
High-Grade Fire Brick and Sewer Pipe
Yards for City Delivery:
920 Market St. Saint Louis

Advertising during *so called* dull summer months *followed up by close attention to pleasing customers* brings remarkable results.

Through Advertising in the Press *and bringing to the attention of St. Louisians who stay at home,* **our low rates for Service** *and further consistent rate reductions as our number of customers increases,* **We have made net gains, during the so-called dull summer season, which assures us of reaching 75,000 customers soon,** *a net gain of over 10,000 customers this year.*

Now that the vacation season is over *we are going after every St. Louisian through advertisements in the Press and personal solicitation, calling their attention to the fact that every house should be wired for Electric "SERVICE", which is supplied by us at nominal cost, thus placing it within the reach of all.*

It pays to advertise *when the public knows satisfactory "SERVICE" is included in the price.*

When we reach 75,000 customers *(as announced August 13, 1915) we will make further consistent and permanent rate reductions.*

"Already built houses can be easily wired *and cost of work paid monthly with bills for electric "SERVICE"*

No deposit required from our residence customers.

Our Trouble Department, *open every hour of the night and day, will give your calls prompt attention.*

Become and stay a "Union Electric" customer.

UNION ELECTRIC LIGHT POWER SERVICE

"UNION ELECTRIC" Light and Power Company
12th & Locust Sts.